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**OPERA HOUSE.**  
Are receiving daily an elegant variety of Fall Dress Goods and Silks at Popular Prices.

**NOW OPEN!**  
**Colored Cashmeres!**

In Seal Brown, Myrtle Green, Dark Plum, Navy Blue, Fawn, Drab, etc. All in variety of prices from 50c. to \$1.00 per yard. Also Alpaca, Danish Mohairs, Sateen Cloths, Empress Cloths, Camel's Hair Cloths, Broad-cloth, and Poplins, together with an elegant variety of low priced goods from 12 1/2 to 35c. per yard.

## SILKS!

The most elegant variety ever shown in this city. Plain Dress Silks, Fall Colors. New Shades. Seal Brown, Plum, Navy Blue, Fawn, Myrtle Green, London Smokey, Drab, Silver Grey, etc.

Also Trimming Silks in all shades. Black Gros Grain Silks. Our entire stock is offered at the same price as before the advance.

**HOBERG, ROOT & CO.,**  
**OPERA HOUSE CORNER**

## FINE PERFUMERY.

Lubin's Rimmell's, Atkinson, Crown, Lundborg Potain's and Bazar's

**Fine Extracts for the Handkerchief**

Genuine Imported Parfums and German Cologne, Fine Toilet and Fancy Articles, Fine Toilet Soaps, Cosmetics, Tooth, Hair, Cloth and Nail Brushes, Combs, Dressing Cases, Cologne Sets, Finest of Toilet Powders, Diamond, Silver and Golden Powders for the Hair, and all articles wanted for the toilet.

**BUNTIN & ARMSTRONG.**

Druggists, Cor. 6th and Main streets.

## Wanted.

**WANTED—A GOOD WET NURSE.**  
Apply at once to Mrs. L. Eisenberg, 6 1/2 street, between Chestnut and Linton. It

**WANTED—ALL TO KNOW THAT THE SATURDAY EVENING MAIL** has a circulation larger than any newspaper published in the State, outside of Indianapolis. Also that it is carefully and thoroughly read in the homes of its patrons, and that it is the very best advertising medium in Western Indiana.

**WANTED EVERYBODY TO KNOW—**that the Swiss Acne Cure is a medicine that never fails. It gives the best satisfaction of any ever introduced in this land. Try it! It costs only 50 cents per bottle. Manufactured only by JULES HOURIET, Terre Haute, Ind., and entered according to act of Congress, March 7, 1876.

## For Sale.

**FOR SALE—COAL COOK STOVE—IRON** King—with furniture. Price \$15.00. Two air tight wood stoves, \$6.00 each. Baby Carriage, \$8.00. Spring Bed, \$5.00. Barrel of excellent Soft Soap, vinegar barrel and a few gallons of vinegar. Must be applied for before Wednesday next, at the residence of E. Frank Howe, 821 south 7th street, between Denning and Park.

**FOR SALE—RANGE—ONE OF VANN'S** celebrated six griddle Ranges, with Broiler attachment, will be sold at a great bargain. W. H. SCHUBERT.

**FOR SALE—A VERY LARGE AND SUPERIOR FIRE PROOF SAFE** with burglar box inside—suitable for a bank, or country offices. Will be sold at a bargain. MCKEEN & MINSHALL.

**FOR SALE—ONE JERSEY OR ALDER** Bull, three years old, very handsome, three male Jersey Calves, from two to six months old; two half breed Jersey Cows five years old; GOOD ones; a few one-half and three-quarters. The above animals are from good imported stock and will be sold cheap. Inquire of or address I. V. PRESTON, P. O. Box 387, Terre Haute, Ind.

**FOR SALE—HOUSE AND LOT—ON** Thirtieth and a half street, between Main and Orchard. Will sell very cheap on monthly payments. Enquire at the northeast corner of Thirtieth and half and Orchard street.

## Found.

**FOUND—THAT THE SATURDAY EVENING MAIL** is the most widely circulated newspaper in the State outside of Indianapolis.

## ROCK BOTTOM PRICES!

—AT THE—

## WESTERN BAZAAR.

White Flannel, 14c, 18c. and 22 1/2c.  
Red Flannel, all wool, 18c., 22 1/2c., 25c. and 35c.  
Opera Flannels, all shades, 40c., 45c. and 50c.  
Shirting Flannel, all wool, 35c., 40c. and 50c.  
Dress Flannels, latest shades and patterns, 40c., 50c., 60c. and 75c.

## BLACK CASHMERE!

LATEST IMPORTATION.

38 inches wide, 75c. worth 85c.  
40 " " 85c. " 1.00  
40 " " 1.00 " 1.25  
40 " " 1.25 " 1.50

## BLACK ALAPACA!

25c. worth 35c.

40c. worth 45c.

Our 50c. Alpaca cannot be equalled in this city. Its shade, lustre and durability is equal to 75c. Alpaca.

## WESTERN BAZAAR,

Corne 5th and M. in Sta.

## THE MAIL

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

TERRE HAUTE, - - OCT. 7, 1876.

P. S. WESTFALL  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

### TWO EDITIONS

This Paper is published.  
The FIRST EDITION, on Friday Evening has a large circulation in the surrounding towns, where it is sold by newsboys and agents.

The SECOND EDITION, on Saturday Evening, goes into the hands of nearly every reading person in the city, and the farmers of this immediate vicinity.

Every Week's Issue is, in fact, TWO NEWSPAPERS, in which all Advertisements appear for ONE CHARGE.

### NEXT TUESDAY.

Before another issue of The Mail an important event will have taken place in this country—the question of who shall be the nineteenth President of the United States will, virtually, have been settled. "As goes Indiana in October, so goes the Union in November," is this year almost universally conceded. The campaign has been, particularly in our State, an unusually active one. Both the principal parties have put forth their full strength and have brought here many of their most able and eloquent leaders from all parts of the Union. Never before have the people of Indiana listened during a single canvass to so large a number of eminent speakers. There have been monster mass meetings, splendid torchlight processions, much music, a profusion of banners, and orations innumerable. What effect all this has had on the popular mind, next Tuesday will tell. That is the predestined battle-day. Then the civil armies will meet and without, let us hope, the semblance of even so much war as a single bloody nose, the sharp contest which has been going on for three months past will be ended.

We have said that it is an important event and so it is; how important may perhaps not be fully revealed for many years. It is always an important event when a great nation selects its rulers but there are crises in human affairs the full measure of which is never seen until they are studied from the page of history. This nation has passed through such crises and may, for aught we know, be passing through one now. This much at least is certain: It is a grand and inestimable privilege every free citizen has of helping to select those who shall rule over him or, as we now express it, who shall serve him (and the statement is not so paradoxical, for how often does the servant in name become the ruler in fact!) It is a duty which should be discharged with dignity and circumspection, for it is the highest duty of citizenship. Every man therefore ought to recognize the importance of the act of voting and endeavor to perform the duty with intelligence and wisdom. The man who votes blindly with his party, not knowing or caring if it be right or wrong, is not fit to be a citizen of a free government. We cannot all see alike nor all vote alike and if we have conscientiously tried to understand the questions before the country and the politics of the various parties and are honestly endeavoring to vote for the best men and the best measures, we have done our duty and will not be held responsible for any mistake or blunder we may unintentionally commit. We trust the vigorous campaign through which we have just passed has tended to enlighten the citizens of the State as to their political duties and to render them better capable of exercising the elective franchise next Tuesday than they otherwise would have been.

### WEARY OF BREATH.

A few days ago an old man by the name of Samuel Turner committed suicide by drowning himself in the Ohio river, near Louisville. His case was a very singular one. At the time of death he was eighty-five years of age, yet perhaps since early childhood he had never known a happy moment. From birth nature had seemed to frown upon him. He went about bearing the undesired brand of her disfavor. He was, says an exchange, bald from his birth, never had but one tooth, and his body was covered with unsightly marks of odd shapes and colors. These disfigurements made him the victims of the prurient curiosity of the vulgar, which is one the most fearful scourges ever sent upon mortal kind. He was sensitive to an unusual degree, and the daily torture he endured because of his peculiarities was indescribable. His personal deformities isolated him from his kind throughout all his life and at last crushed him into the grave. He never married, and though surrounded by friends lived a life of bitter loneliness and intense anguish. He fancied that no one looked upon him without loathing him, and the fancy took root and became a deep settled conviction, which grew with his years until it became too heavy to be borne, and could not be cast off save with his life. He became possessed of the idea that even in death he would find no refuge from the miseries beneath which he groaned. He had a morbid fear that his body would be sought for by the medical students and displayed upon the dissecting table, where his deformities would be the subject of curious comments and brutal jests, and to avoid this dismal possibility he drowned himself in the Ohio river, hoping his body would not be recovered. It is not often that an old man feels so keenly the bitterness of physical ugliness. Although always sensible of it, they ordinarily either float over its unpleasantness on

the ship of philosophy which they have been all their lives constructing, or they become utterly indifferent to the opinion of others, and still cling to life for the sake of the poor enjoyments it contains, or rather, perhaps, because they dread to die. The heart is heavy and sorrow-worn indeed when it exchanges life for the silent mysteries of death; but when, as in the case of Mr. Turner, there was on a little longer to wait at the utmost, and that little too dreadful to be endured, it must know an ecstasy of woe almost superhuman.

The fallacy of Peter Cooper's argument that the contraction of the currency brought about the hard times is apparently when it is remembered that nearly the whole of the contraction took place between 1865 and 1873 and that it was exactly during this period that the immense railroad speculation was going on in this country. During those eight years there were 33,000 miles of new railway built in the United States, nearly doubling the amount of railroads up to that time, at a cost of not less than \$50,000 a mile, or a total cost of over a billion and half of dollars. This unprecedented speculation could not continue permanent any more than the South Sea Bubble in England and when the end came, as it did in 1873, and the whole business fell to the ground, crushing its projectors in the ruin, it drew down along with it to destruction or permanently crippled, many other legitimate industries. The iron world suffered terribly. Furnaces blew out, mills stopped, and there was utter stagnation. The coal industry suffered correspondingly. Immense car manufacturing suspended and in like manner many other industries sympathized with the revulsion in railway building. And this is only one, though the chief example. There was over speculation in almost every business and industry. The fever spread like a contagion. How much more rational an explanation of the hard times can be deduced from these facts than is offered in the theory that the contraction of the currency produced the panic.

THERE is a movement in New York to prohibit the employment of married women as teachers in the public schools. It is urged that maternal duties and anxieties may materially interfere with the claims of the school room, and that while a mother is nursing her baby at home the children in the schools might suffer. Very true, but what about the large number of married women who unfortunately do not happen to be mothers? Having no children of their own to teach are they to be deprived of the privilege of teaching other people's children, when, it may be they are admirably qualified for the task both by education and experience? And would it not be very bad policy to drive out of the schools all the experienced and successful teachers the day they marry? Manifestly it would. Further than that we are quite sure that wherever this matter is thoroughly investigated it will be found that married women are doing just as good, if not better work in the public schools, than the single ones. It is indisputable that some of the best teachers in this city are married women and more than that, the mothers of children. A proposition to drive such from the public schools of Terre Haute would be met with such a storm of indignation as would soon convince the unlucky person who proposed it that he had done a very foolish and unpopular thing.

If capital punishment is to be confined in this country some kind of measures should be adopted to render it less barbarous than it is at present practised. Every week emphasizes the necessity of adopting some new method of executing condemned criminals. Scarcely a Friday passes that some poor wretch is not brutally mangled at an unsuccessful first attempt to hang him, cut down and launched bunglingly again to die at last in the most fearful and horrible agony. Such ghastly spectacles are much too frequent and should be stopped. It is not to be expected that in rural counties where hangings do not take place once in ten years that the sheriff, who perhaps never saw an execution in his life, should be able to perform the office with the skill and coolness that so important an act requires. There should be some other means of putting condemned men out of the world, some means more sudden and more certain. It has been suggested that every State should have an official executioner, and electricity or other sudden means of exit substituted for the bungling rope. The suggestion is certainly worthy the attention of our law makers. The existing mode is as degrading and bad as could be devised.

His worst enemies freely acknowledge that General Harrison is a gentleman in the best sense of the term, and that he is an educated and able man. As the Governor of Indiana he would preside over the affairs of the State with dignity and ability, commanding the respect of everybody. Contrast this man with Jim Williams, tagging around in his blue jeans breeches after Dan Voorhees, squirting tobacco juice through his teeth, blowing his nose with his finger, and wiping his finger on his coat and remarking to the crowds who turn out to see him, "I will now give way to a more able man." We should think he would "give way."

In the past fifteen years Indiana has won a proud position in the galaxy of States. It would be a shame and a reproach if in this centennial year she should elect a vulgar old ignoramus like Jim Williams to be her Governor.

THE thing that will most astonish many persons, after the result of the election is known, will be the discovery of how very small a thing the much vaunted greenback movement in this district really was. The men engaged in it have been so persistent and noisy during the past three months and have made such preposterous claims as to their strength and expectations that it was only natural that many persons should be deceived into believing that they really had some hope of electing their ticket. Though we never believed the movement had any real strength, we did for a time have grave fears that it would be just strong enough to do serious mischief to the Republican party. Even that danger we are glad to say is now safely passed. The breaking-up of the organization, which set in a week ago, relieved us from all anxiety. The Greenback craft is going to pieces almost before she gets out of smooth water.

Mrs. Hiram Powers is visiting her old home in Cincinnati. She went abroad with her husband soon after their marriage thirty-nine years ago, and this is her first visit to America since. She says: "My children were born there the recollections of my husband are clustered there, and that is my home. The manner of living in Italy is quite different from that of America. It is easier, I mean by that that there is less to vex one in a business point." She has three daughters and three sons, two of whom follow their father's profession, but have not his talent. All the children speak Italian fluently and English as correctly as if they had been born here. Mr. Powers wanted to visit America but she says "his children grew up around him, and he never felt able to bear the expense of a trip across the ocean with his children, and he refused to make the visit without me and the children." And so he died with the hope unrealized.

COL. INGERSOLL does not think the country is going to the demitition bows; on the contrary he believes it is getting better; that it is purifying itself, detecting and punishing its thieves, reforming its Administrations, reducing the burdens of local and national taxation, and improving its popular education and civilization. He closed the expression of this opinion with the following eloquent words:

"Go to work my friends; the world is getting better. I have got a dream that prisons will not always be cursed with the shade of the gallows; that ignorance will not always exist in this world; that the whithered hand of want will not always be extended for charity; that wisdom will sit in the Legislature; that honesty will sit in the courts; that charity will stand in all the pulpits, and that the world is progressing in education, in everything that will carry out the grand, the splendid destiny of the American people."

THE withdrawal of Anson Walcott, Independent candidate for Governor of Indiana, produced quite a sensation in this part of the State yesterday. For several days, rumors that he would withdraw seem to have been in circulation in Greenback circles, but the Express, on Thursday, in a high flown editorial, denounced all such reports as base inventions of the enemy and warned its readers to pay no attention to them. The same night, the editor of that paper was summoned to Indianapolis and found that the letter of Mr. Walcott, declining the race was really in the hands of the Chairman of the Independent State Central Committee. Of course there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

THE true inwardness of the Independent movement is at last being made apparent. Honest voters do not care to sacrifice the State for the glorification of the editor of the Express. It will of course be rather mortifying to him and the other "proprietors" of the "party," who aspire above all other things to be considered "leaders," to have their ambitious plans come to naught, but no man who has once been a Republican and retains a spark of State pride is going to aid in making that illiterate old demagogue Jim Williams Governor of the great State of Indiana.

JAMES LICK, the California millionaire, died in San Francisco last Saturday. During the past two or three years he had made donations for charitable purposes amounting to upwards of five millions of dollars. The property donated is all in the hands of trustees and the business in such a shape that no complications can ensue in carrying out his munificent charitable designs. His death had been looked for some time, and was from mere decay of nature.

GENERAL HARRISON is a man of ability. If he is elected Governor nobody will have any reason to blush for him. On the contrary he will do credit to the position and be an honor to the State. Elect an old mossback like Williams, a narrow-minded old skinflint, ignorant as a horse and too old to ever learn the usages of decent society, and no respectable man in the State will be able to hold up his head when Blue Jeans is mentioned.

O. P. D., O. P. D., Fly away home, The Greenback delusion Is busted and gone. O. P. D., O. P. D., Wipe off your chin; Do you comprehend now How you've been sucked in?

PUT away the blue jeans breeches, Do not stop to mend the hole, Uncle Jimmy will not need them, He has climbed the golden pole. Cut off in the flower of his youth And gone to meet Peter Cooper.

SEVEN thousand people greeted Moody and Sankey at their "opening" in Chicago last Sunday. Moody's discourse was as usual a perfect torrent of gospel enthusiasm and Sankey's singing as effective as ever. Their success the coming season promises to be of a pattern with that of last fall and winter.

Lewis of the Detroit Free Press would seem to belong to the Can't-Get-Away Club. He lets himself down on the Centennial question gracefully: "Along next Winter when the wood gives out and the potatoes run low, it won't help a family a bit to remember that they went to the Centennial."

It has been claimed that here in Terre Haute Peter Cooper's cooper had cooped a coop of Cooper coopers. If Peter Cooper's cooper cooped a coop of Cooper coopers, where's the coop of Cooper coopers Peter Cooper's cooper cooped? That's what we want to know.

It is given up as one of the incontestable facts that one sober countryman takes up the space on the sidewalk ordinarily required by three intoxicated city chaps. We don't remember to have seen the fact so obtrusively evident as it has been to-day.

THE election of Jim Williams would be the worst back-set Indiana ever experienced. The State has a good name now and it is some credit to be a Hooser. Elect that ignorant old demagogue and see how it will be.

How could any intelligent Republican, no matter what his views on the question of currency, ever be expected to consent to aid in the election of a vulgar old ignoramus like Jim Williams to the Governorship of Indiana?

THE fact that there is any large body of people in Indiana who can consent to vote for such a man as Jim Williams for Governor, speaks badly enough of the intelligence of Indiana; to elect him would be a lasting disgrace.

CAN anybody with one spark of state pride think of Jim Williams as the governor of Indiana without a shudder? Certainly the thought must make every decent Democrat sick.

DAN VOORHEES is about through leading Jimmy Williams around the ring and calling attention to his pantaloons. The pantaloons will go into retirement shortly.

THERE were heavy frosts Saturday night at New Orleans and Memphis, which greatly relieved the anxiety felt in those cities in regard to yellow fever.

A GRASSHOPPER invasion is reported in some of the northern and northwestern counties of Texas, and wheat sowing will be delayed in consequence.

THE champion bankrupt is H. A. Pierce, of Springfield, Massachusetts. His creditors got one cent on the dollar.

AND now Mrs. Braddon, the novelist, has turned actress, and is making a tour among the small cities of England.

A fire at two o'clock Monday morning damaged the Board of Trade building in Indianapolis, \$2,500 worth.

EVERY sewing machine in the country claims to have been awarded the first premium at the Centennial.

THE recent elections in Connecticut show the most astonishing Republican gains.

THE Colorado elections certainly ought to satisfy Republicans.

## Husks and Nubbins.

No. 27.

### THE MAN WHO LIVES.

IT is astonishing how poorly many people understand the philosophy of living and how greatly they mistake the purpose and object of life. To judge by their actions and conduct they seem to think that the whole end of man is to get money. They are willing to dwarf and even to destroy their moral, intellectual and social natures in order to convert themselves into mere machines for money-making. Blindly pursuing the golden apple (which is too often filled only with bitter ashes) they do not perceive that they are gradually becoming hard, cruel, stingy, grasping, avaricious, narrow-minded and altogether pitiable; that they are trampling beneath their feet all the good things which nature has so bountifully spread in their way, as mean and worthless; that they are laying health and life itself on the altar of filthy lucre. They do not see all this because, like the dirt-raker in Bunyan, their eyes are riveted on one object and one object only—gold. Others see it and perhaps warn them of the consequences that will come upon them, but in vain. The spell is on them too strong to be broken by mortal power. They have gone so far that to return is impossible. They must and will follow the delusion to the end, which is the grave. The richer they become the harder and more avaricious they grow until all the milk of human kindness is turned to a cankerous curdle in their breasts. Of course all of them do not become horrible misers, starving by their sicks of gold, but many of them, all of them in fact, reach a point somewhere between man and the miser. We are a nation of money-seekers.

In this country wealth seems to be looked on as the highest good. Young men beginning life believe money to be the open sesame to honor, position and influence. Hence they seek to marry into rich families or, failing in that, plunge into business or professional life with all the energy of a delirium. There is unfortunately too much ground

for their belief, nevertheless it is not altogether correct. Wealth does not always confer power and position nor does the absence of it necessarily shut a man out from these. There are in every community very rich men who have little standing and influence. They are universally recognized as being coarse, boorish, selfish, ignorant, uncultivated and penurious. Nobody likes them. They are not pointed to with pride and pleasure as specimens of the best citizenship. On the contrary they stand in the way of progress and are a hindrance rather than a benefit to the community. When they die few tears fall upon their graves; men are secretly glad they are out of the way.

In every community also there are a few citizens of another class, not rich generally, but for the most part, in comfortable circumstances. They have good, warm, hospitable homes provided with all the comforts and as many of the luxuries of life as they can afford. They are intelligent, progressive, cultivated, liberal, frank, genial, honest, just and kind. They are not cold and selfish but open-hearted and hospitable. Everybody speaks well of them; nobody ill. They have good health, an easy conscience, a sweet temper and are full of spirit and energy. They are more popular and have a greater influence in the community than any number of misers could have. Their wives and daughters at once adorn and lead society. They are the touchstones of taste and manners. These men build, guide, govern. They are autocrats by nature, obeyed and followed because they command what all see is wise and right and lead where all see that the way is easy and safe. These are the sample citizens of the community, the people who are known far from the towns they live in. Therefore it is not money alone, nor money of necessity, which gives a man influence and standing in the world.

How much more our happiness depends upon ourselves than we are apt to imagine. We think we should be happy situated so or so—making our happiness depend on these circumstances or on others. Nature was no such blunderer. She placed the matter in our own hands. Life ought to be a compound of work and enjoyment. Neither must be in excess to produce the best result. Work gives an appetite for pleasure, and pleasure an appetite for work. A healthy balance must be maintained. He who would live wisely should consider first of all things his health. It is the sound mind in the sound body that constitutes the ideal man. This end is to be attained by careful and prudent living; by regular habits, by not worrying and fretting but by being contented, satisfied and hopeful, not overtaxing the energies in order to make great gains but being content with the moderate returns of reasonable toil. Good, sound health is indeed a perennial spring of enjoyment to its possessor. Another source of the highest pleasure is the intellectual faculties. These every one ought to find time to cultivate by the study of music, literature and art. A man ought not to grudge the dollars he pays for books, for pictures, for tickets to the opera, the theater and the lecture hall. Then there is the moral nature. No one can live as he ought who allows his moral faculties to be blunted and destroyed. "He that maketh haste to be rich," says the wise man, "shall not be innocent." How a man's moral nature goes down before his efforts to accumulate wealth! The first step from the path of honesty and right causes him a pang of shame and remorse, but he persists in spite of it and by and by his conscience is settled. It has ceased its flutterings. The man is a moral wreck and can perform any villainy with a steady and fearless eye. Such a man is a pitiable object for he is forever shut out from the moral beauties of the universe. The church and religious worship come in, therefore, for their propershare of attention. Then there are the social influences—wife, children, home, friends. What an infinite fund of enjoyment is contained in these. Home, with its ease and comfort, its freedom from care and restraint, its sacred affections, its tasteful appointments, its beauty, purity and love—what a place for a man to gather in all his treasures of intellect and heart and make of it his royal palace!

He is the true liver who lies down with no weight on his conscience, whose pillow is not visited by demons of bad dreams, who rises strong and fresh for the tasks of the day; whose heart is full of music and song, who absorbs happiness from the air, like a sponge, who is a joy to himself and to all with whom he comes in contact; who puts his sturdy shoulder to the wheel and helps to push on the car of progress; who is always ready for every good work and always willing to partake of every proper enjoyment. He is the true rich man—the king, the prince, whose treasure is inexhaustible; for all nature pours out her gifts at his feet and strews her way with flowers.

### WHERE TO VOTE.

First ward—Ninth street market house. Joseph Barnett, Inspector.  
Second ward—At Reese's carpenter shop, southeast corner of Seventh and Walnut streets. Alexander Thomas, Inspector.  
Third ward—At Eichmeyer's grocery and provision store. Joseph W. Wildy, Inspector.  
Fourth ward—At the engine house. The Inspector for this precinct has not yet been appointed.  
Fifth ward—At McKee's lumber yard. Wm. S. Clift, Inspector.  
Sixth ward—At Ensey's drug store, corner of Poplar and Eleventh streets. James A. Sheppard, Inspector.  
The polls of Harrison township, outside of the city, will be at the court house. Fred. Eisner, Inspector.